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ever afterwards, in detestation of the enormity, walk barefooted through the city in open procession, on Corpus Christi day. Indeed in these primitive times the ecclesiastical discipline under which good people were kept, was by no means light; and perhaps the world is not much better since the Church's discipline has been relaxed. What, for instance, would the worthy people of Dublin in the nineteenth century say, if subjected to the penalties for sinning to which their forefathers of the thirteenth century were bound? The Black Book of Christ's church records the following ordinance:—"If any citizen committed a public sin, he should for the said offence commute for a sum of money; if he continued in his sin, and that the same was enormous and public, that then (*'fustigetur'*) he should be cudgelled about the church; that for a third offence he should be cudgelled before the processions made to St. Patrick's or Christ's church; and if after his penance he should persist in his sin, the Official of the Archbishop should give notice of it to the mayor, and bailiffs, who should either turn him out of the city, or cudgel him through it."

But Dublin fell into a worse scrape than any that have been mentioned. In the year 1486, the citizens, encouraged by the influence and example of the earl of Kildare and the Archbishop, received Lambert Simnel, and actually crowned him king of England and Ireland, in Christ's church; and to make the solemnity more imposing, they carried the young imposter on the shoulders of a monstrous man, one Darcy, of Platten, in the county of Meath; and being in want of a crown, they borrowed one for the occasion from the head of the image of the blessed Virgin that stood in the church dedicated to her service at Dame's-gate.* But the townsmen soon finding out their error, and feeling that they had to do with a prince of the house of Tudor, who was both resolute and wise, (Henry the Seventh) tendered their humble apology and submission in the following words:—"We were daunted to see not only your chief governor, whom your highness made ruler over us, to bend the knee to this idol, but also our father of Dublin, and most of the clergy of the nation, except his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh. We therefore humbly crave your highness's clemency towards your poor subjects of Dublin." The prayer of this petition his majesty was pleased to accede to, though the citizens were not entitled to pardon on the plea of *benefit of clergy*, for many who affixed their marks to the instrument could not write.†

But we must conclude for this number, promising our readers a treat when we come to give the history of SILKEN THOMAS,—Thomas Fitzgerald, lord deputy of Ireland,—who was so called from the splendour of his military trappings and his gallant and noble bearing. His life and fate are highly interesting, and will adorn a page of our little Journal. In the mean time, hoping that our readers will not complain that we are either *dry* or tedious, we bid them good-bye—for a week.



AGRICULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL.

SIR—There is no man who is so much afraid of reform as the husbandman; an experimentizer is generally another word with him for a *fool*—and he who introduces any new practice, any new instrument, or any new plant into a vicinity, generally calls down the contempt, if not the aversion, of all

* This gate was so called from the church of St. Mary les Dame that adjoined it.

† Our readers are aware that *benefit of clergy* was extended to those only who could read and write.

steady-going people around him. This over caution on the part of agriculturists, is perhaps wisely implanted in their nature; for if the husbandman were to rush unadvisedly or lightly into every new plan proposed to him—if he was, from the success of a single experiment, to act as well as argue from particulars to universals, his rashness would prove not only ruinous to himself, but injurious to the community; and therefore it is particularly wise in all rural economy, for prudence to stand at the door, and watch the out-breakings of speculation.

To this rashness *gentlemen* farmers are particularly liable. It is so unworthy of their ardour and intelligence, to adhere to a regular routine of cropping—it is so tempting to try new and spacious ways—to introduce new plans, new machinery, new seeds, and new culture—and thus, often in the warmth of adventure, differences of climate, soil, aspect, and season, are not duly taken into account; and our Irish improver, anxious to show off how much wiser he is than his neighbours, and depending on his steward, who perhaps comes from Berwickshire, the Lothians, or Norfolk, adopts, to his complete failure and discomfiture, what was of approved and well-established practice in the district from whence he borrowed them.

In this way, I remember, some years ago, a spirited gentleman farmer, who had seen a successful experiment made upon a couple of well sheltered and well-tilled acres, of the sowing of a Spanish variety of wheat, (Talavera,) and on occasion of a remarkable fine summer in Ireland, he boldly ventured on sowing down all his land prepared for wheat with this peculiarly tender grain; the consequence of which was, that when his outlandish crop was in the midst of its pride and blossom, a frost—a nipping frost—came, and reduced the produce to nothing, so that where he expected eighteen barrels to the acre, he had not two.

In the same way, I have seen a great improver, and a man who was of large intelligence upon most subjects, commit the monstrous absurdity of stocking an unsheltered farm in Connaught, exposed to all the blasts of the Atlantic ocean, with Teeswater cattle and Merino sheep. He might as well have sent his own fair daughters, in their muslin attire, to winter in Labrador instead of London, as to have brought these creatures, intended for the shelter and dryness of happier climes, to wither, dwindle, and rot away, where even a Kerry cow or a Highland stot would have been uncomfortable.

But, on the other hand, if agriculturists are sometimes too hasty in adopting new and foreign ways, so on the other hand, old Farmer Jogtrot is a most provoking fellow. Thus have I known one of these wiseacres steadily adhere to the determination of never putting a scythe to his meadows until the first day of old July; another, never to reap his corn until the harvest moon had attained a certain age, no matter whether the corn was shaking in the wind, or not. It was in consequence of this principle, that an act of parliament was obliged to be enacted to hinder the Irish from making their ploughing cattle draw by the tail; and even in improved England, though certainly the instances are not so barbarous or mischievous, Goodman Steady still sends out his team of six monstrous horses, to plough a light sandy soil, three inches deep, thus wasting three times as much horse labour as he need, and doing, at an unwarrantable expense, what the Scotchman will do much better with a single pair of cattle.

In nothing is this adherence to old and bad custom so evident, as in the neglect of farmers in neither changing or steeping their seed corn, especially wheat. It is a well ascertained fact, that Irish wheat, as it is the worst sample, so it bears the worst price in the English market. Perhaps the dampness and coldness of our climate in common years is a great cause of the deficiency in the quality of our bread corn; but certainly the fault is also attributable to the want of attention in the change of seed; in the keeping of seed unmingled and unadulterated from the seeds of weeds, and from smut. I have seen in some of the southern counties of Ireland, especially Tipperary and Limerick, wheat that was grown on the sharp limestone soils that border on the Shannon, and the corn in itself was a beautiful and plump sample, but it was so mixed with smut balls and ribery, as the seeds of the Darnel, or *Lolium*, are there called, that it was almost unsaleable. I remember once calling on a tenant for his rent, which he had no just excuse for withholding, as the season was plentiful, and a fair market price for grain: "Well, Tim, why don't you come in with your rent? You know I must do what is unpleasant if you do not settle, and that soon."

"Why then, plase yer honour, it is I that am willing to pay the rint, and why shouldn't I! but Master agra, there's no price."

"How, no price!" exclaimed I, "I got the other day, at Greyford mills, one pound eight shillings per barrel."

"Oh, the thievin' rogue," rejoined Tim Flannery, "and amn't I after coming from the very same miller, and by all the books in Father Kennedy's house, all he'd offer me was two-and-twenty."

"Come, Tim, let me see your sample?" So going to his threshing floor, he produces a handful of wheat, which contained as many grains of ribery and balls of smut, as of sound corn."

"Why, Tim, how could you expect to get a good price for such trash as this?"

"Och, then, how can the likes of me help it? Hav'n't I put it through the wind in the hill, twice: the wife has our best quilt all as one as spoilt, sunning it and picking it: 'tis a bad sample, plase yer honour, but what can a body do, after doing his endeavour?"

"Tim, now be for once an honest man, and tell the truth. Did you ever in all your life change your seed, or did you ever steep your wheat before sowing?"

"Troth, Sir, I never did. It's not for the likes of me to be going after these new-fangled ways; my father and he that went before him, did well without any such doings; this is the ould Irish red wheat, that is natrhal to the land, and maybe I'd have no crop at-all-at-all, were I to be making such ventures."

"Indeed!—Tim, don't you see that my land is just the same as yours; but I manage a little better—keep the ground a little clearer—change my seed often—and always steep it to get rid of smut; and here is a sample of my red wheat, and observe that there is neither smut ball or ribery mixed with it, and it is therefore worth six shillings per barrel more than yours, because its tail is not as black as yours is."

I cannot say that I was successful with Tim Flannery; perhaps I may be more so with the reader, if he have occasioun to sow wheat; and the practice as adopted successfully in Flanders, in the eradicating of smut, and which has also, to the fullest extent, succeeded in Ireland, is this—To dissolve a pound of Roman vitriol, or blue stone, or sulphate of copper, in twenty gallons of water, in a vessel containing about forty gallons; steep as much wheat in it as will allow two or three inches of the solution to flow over the corn; then leave it, (skinming off the smut balls and light corn,) for one hour, and then raise it, and rinse it in common water, and dry it in the usual way with slacked lime. In this way a large quantity of seed wheat can successively be steeped; and it is only necessary occasionally, until your whole seed is picked, to add some more blue stone, dissolved in the same proportion of water, to make up for the waste. With these observations I shall conclude my Agricultural hints for the present.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN BROWN.



CLONGOWES.

As we intend to devote some portion of our pages not only to the various institutions of the city of DUBLIN, but of IRELAND, we think our readers will not be displeased at seeing a representation of CLONGOWES COLLEGE in our Journal. A gentleman whose literary character stands very high in the estimation of all ranks and all parties, and whose antiquarian pursuits and patriotic exertions for the literature of Ireland, are well known, has very kindly acceded to our request, and furnished us with a sketch of CARLINGFORD, which will appear in our fourth number, and he has enhanced the obligation by promising to follow it with one on CLONGOWES, intending to visit it at an approaching interesting season.

LITTLE JOHN IN IRELAND.

STANIHURST tells a singular story about Little John, the notable companion of Robin Hood. We may as well give the matter in the words of the author, whose curious information is set off by his singular style of narrative, which to an antiquarian is as "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Speaking of Oxmantown-green, he says,—*"In the farthest end of this field is there a hole, commonly termed Scald Bro-*

ther's hole, a labyrinth reaching two large myles under the earth. This hole was in old tyme frequented by a notorious thiefe, named Scald Brother, wherein he would hide all the bagge and baggage he could pilfer. The varlett was so swift of foot, as he hath eftsoones outrun the swiftest and lustiest young men in Ostmantown (Oxmantown,) maugre their heads, bearing a pottle or panne of theirs upon his shoulders, to his den. And now and then, in derision of them that pursued him, he would take his course under the gallows, which standeth very nigh his cave, (a fitte signe for such an inne) and so being shrouded within his lodge, he reckoned himself cocksure, none being found at that tyme so hardy as would adventure to entangle himself within so intricate a maze. But as the pitcher that goeth often to the water, cometh at length home broken, so this lusty youth would not surcease from open catching, forcible snatching, and privy prowling, until he was by certain groping groomes, that lay in wayte for him, intercepted fleeing towards his couch—having upon his apprehension, no more wrong done him, than that he was not sooner hanged on that gallows, through which in his youth and jollity he was wont to run.

"There also standeth on Ostmantown-green, a hillock, named Little John his shot: the occasion proceeded of this:

"In the year 1819, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and Little John